



SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

"NO ENTERTAINMENT IS SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING."

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## Poetry.

Death of the Old Year. BY ALFEED TENNYSON.

1. Full knee deep lies the winter snow, And the winter winds are wearly sighing; Toll ye the church bell and and slow, And tread softly and speak low, For the old year lies a dying. Old Year you must not die; You came to us so readily. You lived with us so steadily, Old Year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he deth not move: He will not see the dawn of day, He hath no other life above, He gave me a friend, and a true, true love, And the New Year will take 'em away. Old Year you must not go; Fo long as you have been with us, Such joy as you have seen with us, Old Year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim; A jollier year we shall not see; But, though his eyes are waxing dim, And though his focs speak ill of him, He was a friend to me. Old year, you shall not die; We did so laugh and ery with you; I've half a mind to die with you, Old Year, if you must die.

He was full of joke nud lest. But all his merry quips are o'er; To see him die, across the waste, His son and heir doth ride post-huste, But he'll be dead before. Every one for his own. The night is starry and cold, my friend, And the New Year blithe and bold, my friend, Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathest over the snow I heard just now the crowing cock The shadows flicker to and fro: The cricket chirps: the light burns low: "Fis nearly twelve o'clock. Shake hands before you die. Old year, we'll dearly rue for you: What is it we can do for you? Speak out before you die

vi. His face is growing sharp and thin. Alack! our friend is gone. Cluse up his eyes: tie up his chin: Step from the corpse, and let him in That standeth there alone, And waited at the door. There's a new foot on the floor, my friend, And a new face at the door, my friend, A new face at the door.

heard our minister sing that air." greeting. Then the door of the house so honored might be seen open, and the master himself would generally step forth and reward the leader of the serenade by prewickedness of man for His own wise pur- tress. sonting to him some small gratuity. Chilposes. The burn you received on your dren following the example of their elders, wandered also in little bands from door to has prevented your working at your lace to passed into a spacious, but gloomy apartdoor, singing their Christmas Carols; and earn money for your father; but if it had ment, lighted by a single candle, and offer-

without some triffing present, accompanied have noticed your voice which will, I hope | cert hall they had just quitted. A pale, As Veronica passed on her way, holding you to procure more comforts for him than the room, vainly striving to lull her infant her little brother by the hand, and gazing if you had been working night and day at to rest. Two other children, about three or on these varied groups, a new thought sudyour pillow.

denly suggested itself to her mind: "Why should she not seek to win some trifling good man's meaning but she felt gratified on a pallet, near the stove lay a sick man Christmas gifts for her poor blind futher?" for his kindness, and anxious to do her best supported by straw pillows. The two Timidly, and with a beating heart, the to please him. From that day forward, strangers were received by this unhappy poor child bent her steps toward that part Mr. Rossel gave her regular instruction wife and mother with that cold indifference of the town where she was but little known. in the art of singing, whilst at the same which is so frequently the companion of The character she was about to play was time, he contrived to interest several be despair.

very new to her; and her heart well nigh nevolent people in the fate of this deserving failed her when it came to the point; but family; and his little daughter was thus Rossel. enabled to nursue her studies with a cheer love to her father nerved her to the task; and, drawing her hood closely around her. ful heart. Twelve years passed away. It was a she stepped closely under the window of a

former pupil."

here, and I was her first teacher."

leaning on her arm. A burst of enthusias-

tic plaudits greeted the young cantatrice as

she gracefully courtesied to the assemblage.

A band of mountain musicians supported

their part admirably, and exerted them-

comers.

though subdued tones, the following verse: "Cheer up, ye miners bold;

Nor let your courage fing: For earth her wealth untold, Yields to your patient toil, Then joyous dig beneath the seil, And still be your gathering-cry, Cheer up, brave hearts, cheer up!"

Veronica's voice was tremulous with fear when she began these simple lines; but she gained courage as she proceeded; and she repeated the burden of the song with spirit and energy. She then paused and anxiously awaited the result of her efforts .-Two or three minutes elapsed, the time seemed long to poor Veronica; she felt humiliated and confused, and was about to withdraw; but at last the door turned on its hinges, and a woman came out and placed in Veronica's trembling hands a small cake and two-penny piece. The poor child could scarcely contain

herself for joy. "Oh, my dear little George!" she exclaimed, "see what a happy beginning I have made! You shall have the sugar plum; but the cake and money are for father, that he may be able to keep his Christmas feast." The night was now far advanced; and

Veronica thought that she would make but one trial more before she turned her steps homeward. This time she determined on trying her chance at the door of a rich man, an inspector of some mines. Clear and firm her young voice now rose through the still midnight air; and when her song ceased, the window on the first floor of the opened, and an arm was stretched out, holding a slender pair of tongs by means of which a piece of money was deposited in Veronica's open hand. But scarcely had she received this Christmas gift ere a cry of pain escaped her lips, a cry which was responded to by a laugh of insulting still standing in the open window. The countrywoman. Geo. Madel accompanied burning money into her hand. Oh, I de-penny which he had handed the poor child his sister on the violin, to the admiration of serve all not suffering with the hand. Oh, I de-

izen, and carolled forth their Christmas a moment's reflection, replied: "I have often "to see some, at least, of those on whom though seeking that repose which had long pink and well cared for the nails! The tion soon discovered the author to be M. de your bounty is to be bestowed. On the been denied to him; and then, with a gentle "My child," said Mr. Rossel to he little ground floor of the house we have now sigh, he fell asleep. girl, "I see how God often overrules the reached, we shall find a family in deep dis-

Entering a dark passage the presentor hand has caused you much suffering, and followed by Veronica, lifted the latch, and brow of the departed; and, repeating the burden of the miner's song, he said, turning not been for this accident, I should never ing a striking contrast to the brilliant contowards the weeping widow-Cheer up, brave hearts, cheer up !! "I trust, my poor friend, that your hus

prove to you a mine of wealth, and enable careworn woman miserably clad was pacing four years of age lay sleeping on a tattered Veronica did not very well understood the mattress in one corner of the room; whilst

"Is your husband asleen ?" inquired Mr

"Asleen! oh no!" replied the woman "I know not what will become of us!" The schoolmaster then approached the house of lowly aspect and sang in clear, fine autumn evening, and the wealthier in- sick man's bed, and, addressing him kindly habitants of Seeberg might be seen in full said:-"How are you to day Kunkel ?" toilet flocking to the town-hall. An event "Just as I am always," replied the sufrore in this somewhat secluded region has | ferer," and so long as I feel that piece of set the whole town astir; the first cantatrice money burning in my throat, I shall never of the capitol, one who enjoys a European get better."

"Cannot you dismiss that delusion ?" in celebrity, is about to give a concert in conjunction with her brother for the benefit of terrupted Rossel. "The doctor and I have the poor of Seeberg. told you a hundred times that that burning

At the entrance of the hall might be seen sensation in your throat is a natural result the old schoolmaster and precentor, Mr. of your disease; and what is the use of in-Rossel who was filling the office of cashier dulging a fancy which only aggravates on the occasion. His eyes beamed with de- your malady ?"

"I ought to know what I feel, better than light as the money accumulated on his desk; either you or the doctor can tell it to me," and when he recognized an acquaintance among the numerous arrivals it was with rejoined the sick man, somewhat impatient ly; "and I know that I feel one hard, burnno small pride that the good man produced ing spot in my throat, just as if I had tried a golden snuff box, and offering his friend a to swollow a piece of red hot copper. No pinch of true Virginian, at the same time water can cool that spot; it is always the whispered in his ear : "This is a gift from same, always burning." a grateful pupil. See ! it is graved on the

Veronica's thoughts recurred to the suflid; and when it was given to me it was fering she had experienced when her hand full of golden pieces. And look at this too," was burned, and her pity for the poor man he added drawing a handsome repeater redoubled. from his fub; "this, too, is the gift of my

"Well, Kunkel," replied the schoolmaster, 'I can only repeat what I said before-this "You are celebrating your triumph tois all a figment of your own imagination. night Mr. Rossel," observed one of the new How in the world could a piece of burning

money find its way into the centre of your "Yes, it is a day of triumph for me and for the town of Seeberg too," rejoined the throat?" "Oh, I know it! I know it well!" exclaimschoolmaster, "for she was born amongst us ed the sick man. "It was just Christmas

Eve that I felt, for the first time, that burn-At last all the company had arrived, the hall was thronged to the very door, and, at ing spot." "You felt it on that evening because the

the appointed hour, Veronica Madel appearulceration of your throat had just become ed upon the platform accompanied by her more acute and widely spread." youthful brother, and with her blind father gers." "Oh. no! no! there was another reason

than that!" groaned the unhappy man. "It pass your days?" was on a Christmas Eve, twelve years ago

neighbors to dinner."

-stop! do you hear that cry under the window? It was just such a cry as that the poor child gave when I rewarded her

Count's were beside them, sunburnt, stained l'Estang. with gunpowder, hard, with short broken The schoolmaster, familiar, by long expenails-the hands of a laborer. Mme. de Chelles turned away with a sigh. rience, with scenes of suffering and of death, "Did Auguste bring my music?" said she, de Chelles, of course. Now, Mmo. de quickly perceived that the vital spark had fled. He laid his hand upon the marble addressing her husband.

> the midst of harvest time?" "I have 'your music, Madame," said M.

"You are a good fellow," said M. de Chel- sacrifice with the world for an audience. band is at rest after his long struggle; and les, slapping him on the shoulder; "I am much obliged to you." M'me de Chelles, with a smile and a

slight shrug of the shoulders, rose from her seat. "Shall we try the new music?" said she.

M. de l' Estang followed her to the piano. "How de Chelles is changed," said de 'Estang, as they turned over the music. "Changed ?" murmured Amelia. "Wo must be of very little value, for when once we are one, we are neglected, scorned: there is no effort made to keep us."

"Amelie!" sighed, rather than said, M. de l'Estang.

"Maxence!" murmured Amelia, and then, new dust with a very old beginning-'T'amo, T'amo.''

on his wife's sofa, snoring delightfully, with his mouth wide open.

The next morning MaJame d'Elbac and M. de Chelles were seated side by side on the garden terrace overlooking the park .-M'me d'Elbac, placing her hand on her nephew's arm, said gently to him: "Do you think you can entirely trust M. de l'Estang?"

"Of course. Why we are old school friends-tried friends. You are quite wrong in your suspicions. You see there is no disguise about them. Amelie and de l'Estang are always together, but they don't seek to hide their preference. It's innocent."

"Here is a letter he has written to my niece, who was at the same convent with her. I willonly show you a few words:

"M. de Chelles is snoring in the next com. He is getting fat. I am perfectly tired of seeing him always ill-dressed, always talking of his friend -. Ahl Juliette, how different is his friend, M. de l'Estang. If he had been my husband! I see him

nearly every day, the days I do not see him do not count in my life. He loves me. Is M. de Chelles changed, or did I see him be-

come with it."

ing through his cyclashes, watched.

my girlish fancy called love? Now I am a woman, and I know what love is." "By Heaven, I'll kill de l'Estang!"

"That your wife may morun him all the days of her life, and turn her indifference

for you into hatred. No, no; we are too early, for I hear her piano before I am clever now-a-days to use these trite old remout of bed. She always breakfasts with me edies. Moral homepathy-'similibus,' etc.; you understand. You must become the rival of de l'Estang. Get a tailor, get a bar-

Chelles, like all those educated from the "Music, indeed! Do you think I could cradle in the midst of refinement, luxury, send a servant ten miles off for music, in in the midst of prejudices of caste, and in an artificial life, could not but mingle the world in all her feelings and sentiments. She would have been capable of a great de l'Estang; "I sent my valet for it."

but it was out of her power to love mediocrity, to devote herself to duties and to obscurity. Madame de Chelles was a woman, such as fashion and extreme civil-

ization create; as such she had to be won. M. de Chelles and M. de l'Estang by this time had a violent hatred for each other. De l'Estang would have given the world for an open quarrel; he knew the advantages of a duel; but M. de Chelles kaew them too; knew that they would be all for his rival; and, therefore, was courtesy and

cordiality itself, unprovokable, as de l'Estang was obliged at last to acknowledge. Meantime, M. do l'Estang, to outrun his

**CWHOLE NUMBER, 1,486.** 

Very little time elapsed before a pamphles

on the diplomatic questions of the day made its appearance. Who was the author? M

rival, got into the Senate; he spoke; his striking the chords, they sang together a cloquence filled the papers, was the theme of the salons. M. de Chelles responded to this move by obtaining (after all sorts of Meantime, Madame d'Elbac knitted, and manœuvers, intrigues and fluttery) a place as for M. desChelles, he lay at full length in the cabinet. At this juncture the Paris season terminated, and Mme. de Chelles went down to her country seat. By this time, however, the lover and the husband

had changed places with each other. M. de l'Estang had grown jealous of Monsieur de Chelles, and not having the securities of his rival, became irritated, sombre and morose.

"One would think you were the husband, M. de l'Estang," said Amelie, one day, to him, after a scene of supplication, waywardness and reproach. "M. de Chelles is so free from suspicion, so good tempered; he always was good tempered."

M. de Chelles, though he did not hear these words, understood his position perfectly; bland and amiable; yet tender and attentive, he gained on his rival every day. Now Madame de Chelles was alone at her chateau. M. de Chelles was detained in Paris by his duties. M. de l'Estang, of course, could not some alone. She reflected much on her strange position; her heart, the heart of a Parisienne of high

society, wavered: but her vanity was exceedingly gratified by the result she had inspired. "I have made two great men," said Ame-

lie, to herself. "I could influence the affairs of the nation." At this moment a letter was placed in

her hand; it was from M. de l'Estang. "ARELIE-I am in the village. I have

left Paris at the moment when to be worthy of you I had achieved the height of my ambition-I am Secretary of State. But I knew you were alone: I knew you were away from all who could betray you, and, unknown to all, I came. There is nothing ing after my steward; then we meet at din-ber, send to Paris for Hoby's boots; and if to fear: I am disguised. I will see you ber, send to Paris for Hoby's boots; and if to generating along here, where all must re-

high-bred dowager of fifty. Good nights were exchanged by all, and all separated, taking the road to the apartment allotted to each. On this day, Mme. d'Elbac, the Count's aunt, had arrived from Italy, and this was her visit to her nephew since his marriage. It so happened that on this evening, as she walked along the gallery which led to her room, she heard stops behind her, and turning suddenly

round, found herself face to face with he nephew, the Count Regis de Chelles. "Pray, Regis, don't take any trouble or my account-I was brought up in the chat

ean; I consider myself at home; therefore, ceremony is useless; prny, go to your room." "That is just where I am going," replied M. de Chelles.

"Why, your wife turned down the other gallery. "She was going to her room; between her com and mine there is a desert, a sort of

carpeted Sahara; I never cross it." "And yet Amelie is charming, and yo nave been married only two years." "Oh, yes, Madame de Chelles calls m

"How often does M. de L'Estang come

her best friend, her kind friend; you understand that all the duties of a more friend fore with the eyes of inexperience, and what end at midnight, so from midnight to midday Mme. de Chelles and myself are stran-

"So much for your nights; how do you

"Oh, very agreeably. Amelie gets up I read the papers, she reads a novel. Then I am out, either fishing or shooting, or lookner, and in the evening. I confess I doze a

you and your children shall not be forsaken. Put your trust in the God of the fatherless and the wilow; and to-morrow I will come again, and see what can be done for you." Veronica Madel, and her old instructor now quitted the house of sorrow ; and it was with very full hearts that they renaired

to the hospitable banquet which had been prepared for them by their fellow citizens. A Conjugal Bace.

On the 10th of June, 195-, there stood at the foot of the grand staircase of the chateau de Morbihan, a group composed of two ladies and two gentlemen. One of the two gentlemen was the Marquis de Chelles, to whom the chateau belonged; the other was the Count de L'Estang. Of the two ladies the one beautiful, elegant, refined, and not over five and twenty, was Mme. de Chelles;

the other was the aunt of Monsieur de Chelles, an agreeable, neat, bright-locking,

## Selections.

It was Christmas Eve and the show lay side and told him of the Christmas gifts she and in the streate of Steeborg a small mit but in the traction of the Christmas gifts she deeplin the streets of Steeberg, a small mi-had brought, it cost the poor girl a severe struggle to conceal her sufferings and speak ing peasants came down from their peasant to the blind man intcheerful tones. He, unmountain homes and sought to forget the rig- conscious of the pain she was enduring, with a voice as pure and clear as in her or of the season in innocent fostivity .- asked her to sing for him before she retired Family groups assemble together, the voice to rest; and then he kissed his darling, be- known to all the miners of Sceberg-the of song and childish merriment resounds stowed on her his Christmas blessing; but from many a humble home, and preparations Veronica's hand pained her much, and she are being made for a grand illumination. went to bed with a heavy heart.

Christmas Eve, in Germany, is welcomed as a season of rejoicing by the poorest pea- In the mountain districts of Germany. sant, as well as by the wealthiest noble of the schools are very large, one master not the land. But amidst all these happy unfrequently having charge of two hundred homes, there was one lowly dwelling, at children. Under these circumstances he can least, where no feast had been prepared, scarcely be expected to have any particular where no sounds of merriment could be acquaintance with the disposition or tastes only remembered as the young mountain of each individual scholar, unless some heard.

ported her blind father and little brother by notice.

"Is not your hand healed yet?" one day lace making. Once they had known better days. The father had been a slater, an in- inquired Mr. Rossel, the parish schooldustrious man, buthad lost his eyesight from master, addressing his pupil Veronica Mathe effects of a conflagration which he had del.

did not long survive this calamity, but died, she daily tied on as well as she could with ner which touched every heart owned that added he, laying a pile of crowns upon the rartly of grief, partly of over exertion, com. har left hand; and the worthy schoolmaster to this good old man, under God, she owed table-"here is a share of her gains, which initing her blind husband and her infant scoing the inflamed state of the wound, boy to her daughter Veronica, herself still bacame vory indignant, when he learned how it had been produced. "Shameful," a child.

Veronica's mind, however, had been pre- he exclaimed "thus to injure a child singing maturely ripened by the care and sorrow her Christmas carol! Will you let me hear which had so early fallen to her lot; and sha your song, my little maid? I love music well fulfilled the charge committed to her myself. You know I am the parish precentor, as well as the schoolmaster." by her dying parent.

On this Christmas Eve of which we speak, Veronica timidly obeyed. The schoolthe young girl had been seated before her master was to her a formulance autor, but hall hour? This money you have intrusted live. Law song all her any on august by the could de Chelles did not disguise how much she lace-pillow, working without intermission the good man's kindness soon set her #t to my care is weighing down my pocket. which follow it, still ring in my ears. If Mme. de Chelles looked up, and she could de Chelles did not disguise how much she isce-pillow, working without intermission the good man a kindness and bet in a to my care is weigning down my pocket. ---- which is to me now, I shall believe not but contrast the two men as they sat was flattered by this distinction. A few from early morning till night closed in; then, ease; and she sang with so much expression I should like to distribute some of it this you can repeat it to me now, I shall believe not but contrast the two men as they sat was flattered by this distinction. A few poor child, she was forced to pause in her that Mr. Rossel was not only surprised but evening and to deposit the remainder of the that what Mr. Rossel tells me is indeed the by side. Ishors, for she could not afford a light .- deeply moved. "Who taught you to sing sum in safety at my own house." She made, however, a good fire in the stove thus my child?" he inquired when the young Veronica, though somewhat wearied afto warm her blird father; and, having placed songstress paused.

"No one," she replied; "my father him in his easy chair close by by its side, she vielded to her brother's entreaties that blind; he often finds the days very long, and she would take him out to see the illumina- I sing to him to amuse him. It is almost the greatest pleasure he has, and I am so tions.

The two children accordingly set forth to- glad of that, for we are poor and he cannot gether. Already the town was astir. Mi- afford himself many other pleasures." "But the melody itself and the methodners in their characteristic costume marched along in groups with bands of music pre- where did you learn all that?" inquired the ceeding them; and ever and anon they schoolmaster. paused before the door of some wealthy cit. Veronica looked perplexed, but, after a

had been drawn red hot from the fire. Veshe had seldom been heard to sing before; ronica hastily dropped the perfidious gift, and with many a bitter tear retraced her every car. steps to her lonely home.

miliar air arrested every ear, and Veronica

childish days, commenced the verse so well same she had sung on that eventful Christmas Eve. At this moment the whole of the assemblage present started to their feet, as one man the band of musicians laid down their instruments and every voice joined in the chorus-

"Cheer up, brave hearts, cheer up."

The celebrated cantatrice was for the mo-

ment forgotten; and Veronica Madel was peasant, the dutiful daughter, the loving sis- heavily; "it is impossible; that fine lady can-Veronica Madel, for some time past, sup- casual occurrence chances to bring it to his ter, the obedient pupil. The good old not be the same as the poor child whom I

choolmaster, oblivious of his dignity, rush- so cruelly injured twelve years ago. You ed to the platform and, with tears in his are making a mock of me, Mr. Rossel." eyes folded to his heart the pupil who had "Believe me, Kunkel, what I have told thus far surpassed his utmost expectations. you is true. Through God's goodness, that Veronica, turning towards the assemblage burning penny has turned to a mine of gold

the enects of a connegration which is used branches branc her success.

she has brought to you."

Kunkel, with an air of bewilderment The worthy citizens of Seeberg had prepared a banquet in honor of the young can- gazed alternately at Veronica, at his wife, tatrice, but, during the interval which who stood weeping by his side, and at the money which lay upon the table. "I wish elapsed between the concert and the banquet Mr. Rossel drew his former pupil I could believe what you tell me," he exaside, and speaking to her in the familiar claimed; "but it seems to me impossible.

tone of carlier days, he said :- "Will you Do you remember, lady, the song that was tone of earlier days, he said :- "Will you bo you tenenth my window that Christmas de Chelles threw himself down on the sofa ering round him, conferred on M. de Chelles no means of replying-there was nothing to the young girl had been seated before her master was to her a formidable auditor; but half hour? This money you have intrusted Eve? That song and the cry of anguish by the side of L'Estang. At this moment

Veronica, with a voice tremulous from emotion, sang the well-known miner's song;

ter the exertion and excitement of the day, could not bear to refuse her old master's hushed, the broken-hearted mother listened ciful to me a sinner!"

was leading her.

all present, and Veronica herself sang as she had seldom been heard to sing before know!" little, but Amelie amuses herself in her As Veronica heard these words, a cry of dismay burst from her lips. It seemed as own way; and we often have some of the if the retributive justice of God had fallen

> here?" "Very often-every day; he's a capital powering emotion: and the young singer fellow." "Humph! Regis. what abominable boots

you have, and how absurdly your coat fits." The old schoolmaster, deeply moved. "Good enough for the country, my dear turned towards Veronica.

unt. I'm not a dandy like de L'Estang; "Kunkel," said the scoolmaster, in a tone of deep solemnity, "here is the very hand he dresses three times a day, and Amelie, too; but then she's a woman." which, twelve years ago, you were so cruel "Yes! Well, Regis, if it were not so late as to burn. This hand is now held out to I would like to tell you a story, a trae story. you in token of forgiveness; and see! no trace remains of the wound you then in. You, my dear nephew-howevor, it is late;

flicted; and no unkind thought harbors in good night." This conversation made no impression on the bosom of her who has now come to M. de Chelles; he slept and snored emphatminister to your wants."

ically; in his dreams beheld his grannaries Kunkel raised his head and looked at well stored and his hay well stacked. Veronica. "No! no!" he replied, sighing The next evening all were assembled in the saloon, Mme. de Chelle was leaning

her. Apart, at a distant table, was Mme. d'Elbac, industriously knitting. M. de Chelles was walking up and down the room

occasionally opening the window and putting his head out for a minuto or two, thon going up to a barometer that hung in the room, and then pacing up and downlas before.

> "The almanac and the harometer say the ame thing, rain, rain; this is dreadful." "M. de Chelles," said his wife, "if you are walking for a wager, tell me so; I will get out of your way."

over a tapestry frame; M. de L'Estang,

turning over an Album, was seated close by

"Do I bors you, my dear." With this M. Emperor, glad to find the old families gath-

L'Estang, seen to great advantage in his hole. Amelie, with the keenness and quick- elseped and her heart beating. patent leather boot. M. de Chelles had ness of a woman, had discovered the race and as she sang, the little infant's cry was great, thick-soled, square-toed shoes, in of which she was to be the prize; her fancy

George's care, and sor form, under the one his hands across his breast, and raising his shirt the one be had worn in the morn- conduct; she was more flattered too, by his summer night: the white, vaporing clouds cort of the kind-hearten schoolmaster. The his eyes to heaven, exclaimed; "God be mer- ing; his whole costume shabby and obsolete. attentions, for he had already won her; veiled the rising moon, but the bright stars

a ray of hope beamed from the sufferer's ment rested on the dark green velvet cover written political articles appeared in one of too, dividing the pleasure ground from the was leading ner. "I should like you," observed the old man, eye. He stretched his wearied limbs, as of the album. How white they were how the leading papers; curiosity and admira- park; on this Mme. de Chelle intent'g

costume of a vignette in a keepsake, with call the past. Does not so true, so constant yellow kid gloves. Then take Amelie to a love deserve reward? I am not certain Paris-solitude nourishes sentiment; excite now that you love me; a year ago, here, in her vanity; get her to flirt; turn author if this very place, I did not doubt. 1 will you can-women are proud of their power come to-night; leave a light in your window; over intellect; turn politician-your wife that shall be my guiding-star. MATENCE." will get ambitious, and give audiences in-

"Poor Maxence! disguised, too-poor stead of rendezvous. Save your honor-Maxencel After all, he loves me. How you have yet time-and your happiness will could I think of M. do Chelles? All he has done was for himself. If Maxence had Monsieur de Chelles announced that evebeen my husband he would have lived forning, as Monsieur de l'Estang and his wife ever with me here, Poor Maxence!" were singing, that he was going to Paris the

A little before dark Mme. de Chelles renext day. Then leaving Amelie to think ceived, by special messenger, a letter from and wonder, and M. de l'Estang to condole her husband: and sigh, he retired to his sofa, but this time

"Amelie," said the Count, "I have to-day he did'nt snore nor close his eyes, but lookreceived the appointment from the Emperor

of Ambassador to the Court of St. Peters-For some months after their arrival in burg. I have till to-morrow at ten o'clock Paris, M. de l'Estang and M. de Chelles to accept or refuse. It is now time I should both ran a race against each other in the afopen my heart to you. Amelie, I love you. fections of Amelie. Apparently, they were You are my wife. I know: from you my afas good friends as over, but each were aware fections have never wavered; but I know that the other suspected him. M. de Chelyours were estranged for me. It was my les had entered the list the same as M. de fault. I determined to win you again or l'Estang. He felt to assert his authority as a lose you forever. Amelie, I love you. husband would be forever to alienate his Amelie, I have changed my whole life for wife. He resolved to win her over again: your sake. Amelie, I have left you free. for this he followed in de l'Estang's wake. Not having, as your husband, known how M. de l'Estang was no better looking than to keep your love, I have left you free as M. de Chelles, but he knew how to display though you had yet to make a choice. And all his udvantages. In a short time M. de you have. Amelie, do you love him or me? Chelles was one of the best dressed men in Chelles was one of the best dressed men in That none may know you influenced my Paris. M. de Chelles, who had imagined decision. I will come alone to-night acruss when he married he should lead a quiet the park; the light from your window shall patriarchal life, had neglected to manifest guide me."

any interest in the affairs of government. Madame de Chelles let fall the letter .--Now he rallied to the Emperor, and the By what strange chance-both on the same eraning. What was to be done? She had the order of the Legion of Honor. Mme. do but to wnit.

And now it was night. The servant had days after, M. de l'Estang appeared with retired, the chateau was still. Mms. de First, the neat, well-shaped foot of M. de the order of Wartumberg in his button Chelles sat alone in her room, her hands

> "Which will come-will they meet-what is to be done?"

which it was impossible to divine the shape was captivated by de l'Estang, but she felt She looked forth through her open winrequest, and committing her miner to instand, the other side of the side of the foot within. His hair was disordered; more curiosity with regard to M. de Chelles' dow into the night; it was a still, balmy,

De l'Estang's dress was the very model of therefore, there was not, as thore might shown down, throwing into distinctness the young singer from distinguishing surround-ing objects; and she allowed Rossel to guide ber as he pleased, unconscious whither he ber as he pleased, unconscious whither he